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Author

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FIFTH

ANNUAL AGRICULTURAL FAIR

OF

MARION COUNTY, INDIANA.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:

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ADDRESS

OF

HON. OLIVER H. SMITH.

*amptown*

1856.

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INDIANAPOLIS:  
ELDER & HARKNESS, PRINTERS.

1856.



ADDRESS

OF THE

HON. OLIVER H. SMITH, <sup>*Hampton*</sup>

DELIVERED ON THE FAIR GROUNDS,

AT INDIANAPOLIS,

BEFORE THE

7 MARION COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

AT THE ANNUAL FAIR,

IN THE YEAR 1856.

14



INDIANAPOLIS:  
ELDER & HARKNESS, PRINTERS.

1856.



107. OLIVER H. SMITH.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

AT WASHINGTON

NATIONAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING

IN THE CITY OF WASHINGTON

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FIFTH ANNUAL FAIR  
OF THE  
MARION COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.  
OCTOBER, 1856.

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OFFICERS:

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ABRAM H. DAWSON, Wayne Township.





## ADDRESS.

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MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,  
MEMBERS OF THE MARION COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY:

I had but one object in view, in accepting the kind invitation of your Society to deliver the Annual Address on this occasion, and that was, to contribute so far as I might, to the practical results essential to the prosperity of the Society, and the progress and permanent usefulness of knowledge, when applied to Agricultural, Horticultural, and Mechanical pursuits, in the affairs of life.

I might entertain you to-day, for the brief space allotted to this Address, with fine sayings, classical allusions, and metaphysical disquisitions upon subjects surrounding and even germane to the main object of your Association; but such an address, however it might seem to elevate the author, would fall far short of the object I have in view. Let others range the fields of fancy, and cull from the gardens of classic literature their flowers of rhetoric, while I direct your thoughts to the useful, to the main object of the formation of Societies like yours, and to some practical considerations connected with the operations in which you are or may be engaged; and if I should not give many extracts from written works to sustain my suggestions, you will rather attribute what may seem to be a neglect of authors, to the impossibility of confining myself within reasonable bounds, if I should attempt to analyze, or give even proper views from the books and writings of others. I wish to condense my remarks into a readable length, as I have long since noticed that, as a general rule, the writers of large books, like the authors of long, prosy addresses, must expect to be their chief readers.

We have met at the Capital, on this anniversary of the Agricultural Society of the county of Marion, in the year 1856, for the purpose of adding our annual contributions to the store of knowledge, and of productions to the highly important objects of our Association. It would be time uselessly occupied in this address, for me to attempt to prove, at this day, the utility or benefits of Agricultural Societies. The effect of this congregation of our citizens, bringing with you the annual fruits of your industry and experience, for the inspection of each other, and for the improvement, in kind and quality, of the several products, will not be fully appreciated until its more matured results shall be presented on like occasions in after years. Since the commencement of this annual fair, I have walked over these beautiful grounds, so handsomely appropriated to this laudable purpose, both for the County and State; I have looked with true delight at the annual products of cultivated nature and of art that have been brought up and spread before us, and I have said to myself, what wonderful progress the hands of civilized industry are making! Truly, the late wilderness is blossoming as the rose; but above all, my heart has been filled with gratitude, when looking at the cheerful and happy countenances, and the entire absence

of all appearance of want or distress, of the assembled citizens of our county, and when reflecting upon the blessings we enjoy in this fertile, salubrious and beautiful portion of the great Valley of the Mississippi, under the best government on earth, where we can worship as our own consciences may dictate, where we are governed by laws of our own making, and where labor of both sexes is honorable. I cannot dismiss this idea without saying, that one of the happiest effects of these annual associations, is to bring the people from all parts of the county together, and by introducing them to each other, strengthen the bonds of friendly neighborhood and county society, that should be maintained and cherished by us all.

It affords, perhaps, the only pleasant opportunity in the year for our citizens to meet upon a common platform and exchange the salutations of the season, in rational, virtuous, innocent and useful conversation, unalloyed by the presence of a privileged aristocracy, or any other distinctions of society, than the true line that should be drawn between the virtuous and the vicious. Our Agricultural Fair should ever be held as our annual county jubilee, and its members, and all others, should zealously contribute to its perpetual prosperity.

It may not be improper, as a further preliminary remark, to direct your thoughts to our beautiful, fertile State and county, to inquire what they were, what they are, and what are their prospects; and here let me be understood, once for all, I mean no invidious comparisons between Marion and other counties. Our State, as a great agricultural section of the West, will compare favorably with any other, while her mineral resources are of the first order, and inexhaustible. She lies in the trough of the Great Mississippi Valley, stretching from the Northern Lakes to the Ohio river on the south, and bounded by the great States of Ohio and Illinois, on the east and west. She lies directly across the track, for all time, of all the great artificial improvements that can ever be made connecting the Eastern Atlantic cities with the Pacific Ocean, over the Valley of the Mississippi. She is highly favored in point of climate, soil, minerals, wood, water, rock—in a word, Indiana combines all the elements of a great and growing State, and being blessed with a free Constitution, she must yet contain as dense a population as any part of the globe. She was born in the year 1816, with some sixty-five thousand inhabitants—only about forty years ago. A few counties only were then organized; the whole middle, north and north-west portions of the State were an unbroken wilderness, in the possession of the Indians. Well do I remember when there were but two white families settled west of the White Water Valley—one on Flat Rock, above where Rushville now stands, and the other on Brandywine, near where Greenfield was afterwards located. When I first visited the ground on which Indianapolis now stands, the whole country east to White Water, and west to the Wabash, was a dense, unbroken forest. There were no public roads, no bridges over any of the streams. The traveler had literally to swim his way. No cultivated farms, no houses to shelter or feed the weary traveler or his jaded horse. The courts, years afterwards, were held in log huts, and the juries sat under the shade of the forest trees. I was Circuit Prosecuting Attorney at the time of the trials at the Falls of Fall Creek, where Pendleton now stands; four of the prisoners were convicted of murder, and three of them hung for killing Indians. The court was held in a double log cabin, the grand jury sat upon a log in the woods, and the foreman signed the bills of indictment, that I had prepared, upon his knee; there was not a petit juror that had shoes on; all wore



moccasins, and were belted around the waist and carried side knives, used by the hunter. The products of the country consisted of peltries, the wild game killed in the forest by the Indian hunters, the fish caught in the interior lakes, rivers and creeks, the papaw, wild plum, haws, and small berries gathered by the squaws from the woods. The travel was confined to the single horse and his rider, the commerce to the pack-saddle, and the navigation to the Indian canoe. Many a time, and oft, have I crossed our swollen streams, by day and by night, sometimes swimming my horse, and at others paddling the rude bark canoe of the Indian. Such is a mere sketch of our State when I traversed its wilds, and I am not one of its first settlers.

Such is a brief view of early Indiana, but it is sufficient for my present purpose, my object being merely to direct your thoughts to the rise and progress of the State generally, before I come to speak of our county of Marion especially. How stands the State to-day, as compared with Indiana at the time of her admission into the Union? She then contained the same area of 33,809 square miles. Then, as now, she embraced the same minerals, the same fertile soil, and lay in the lap of the great Mississippi Valley. Her beautiful rivers and smaller streams then, as now, meandered through every part of her territory. But then the State only contained some sixty-five thousand inhabitants, confined to a few counties; now she contains some 1,500,000, spread over her ninety-one counties. Marion county was then a part of the wilderness; now she has a population of over 40,000, with taxables about \$15,000,000, and produces annually over 250,000 bushels of wheat, 1,500,000 bushels of corn, 100,000 bushels of oats and barley, 55,000 bushels of potatoes, 9,000 horses and mules, 65,000 swine, 20,000 sheep, 19,000 cattle, 5,000 barrels of pork, 825,000 pounds of bacon, 18,500 slaughtered animals, \$10,500 of poultry, \$15,000 of orchard products, \$18,500 of garden products, \$10,472 of home manufactures, \$47,852 hay, \$9,200 wool, \$3,805 maple sugar, and other products in proportion. Then there was not a railroad of any considerable length in the Union; now we have, in the United States, more miles of railroad than all the world besides. Then the magnetic telegraph and its usefulness were unknown. I well remember the first experiments of Dr. Morse, at Washington city, amidst the universal doubts of even his ardent friends. Now our thoughts are flying upon the wires with the speed of lightning, through every part of the civilized world; and such has already been the concentration of railroads at our Capital, that Indianapolis has, by common consent, received the name of "the Railroad City of the West." The trains of nine railroads, radiating from the Capital, in full operation, are hourly entering and leaving our city, exchanging their freight, and more than four thousand passengers daily, in our splendid Union Passenger Depot, while other important lines of railroad are being constructed to our city; and this is only the beginning of the end. Such is the rapid progress of this astonishing age. Time is flying with the rapidity of thought—the new world seems to be moving with uncommon velocity, and man is progressing to his ultimate high destiny under an impetus without a parallel in the history of our race.

MEMBERS OF THE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY—My main object to-day cannot be accomplished, without speaking directly to you, and through you to our other fellow-citizens of the county of Marion. I have already directed your attention to the character of our prosperous State, and said enough to enable you, at your leisure, to fill up the outlines I have sketched. I now desire to ask your attention for a few



minutes, while we look at the scenes around us, at the position we occupy as citizens of the county of Marion, while we compare our county as she was, when organized, with what she now is; but more especially while we contemplate the position of our farmers and mechanics, at present, as compared with the early settlers. I cannot, in the brief time allowed me for this address, do more than sketch these comparisons, leaving you to carry them out by your own reflections. Those of you who lived here in early times, many of whom I see around me, will appreciate my views.

I mean not to speak boastfully, but I may say truthfully, that our county of Marion, in point of soil, growth of timber, purity of water, mildness of climate, local position, and all that could make her desirable for settlement and cultivation, stood unsurpassed in a state of nature. With these truths before us, it is not strange that such inducements to emigrants to make our county their permanent homes, should, in so few years, have produced the astonishing changes before our eyes. I stood, but as yesterday, on the site of Indianapolis, the Capital of our State, when there was scarcely a tree missing from the dense forest around it. I passed through the wilds of Marion on my pony, upon the winding Indian path, when the bear, the deer, and the wolf sprang up before me, and wildly bounded into the security of their native lairs. I recollect when the commerce of Marion and the infant Capital was carried between Cincinnati and young Indianapolis by the semi-monthly six ox train of my departed friend, old John Hager. This was the second stage of commercial operations in Marion, the single horse and the pack-saddle being then employed in carrying the mail, the letters and papers having become too bulky to be carried in the pockets of the mail boy. The beautiful and fertile lands of Marion were then covered with a heavy forest; the farms, that you prize so highly now, were then the hiding places of the Indian and the wild animals of the woods. How stands the matter now? Look at Marion as she is! Cast your eyes to the east of this stand, and see the beautiful city of Indianapolis, the Capital of the State, with her twenty thousand inhabitants! See the spires of her twenty-seven churches, of the different denominations of Christians, shooting up towards the clouds! Look west, east, and north, at our humane institutions for the unfortunate deaf and dumb, blind, and insane. See the numerous towering station buildings of our railroads! Look at our colleges and graded school edifices! See those beautiful buildings erected by the different associated benevolent orders! Observe our numerous first-class hotels! See the solid blocks of splendid wholesale and retail stores, filled with the choicest merchandize, from every clime! Observe our crowded streets! Hear the hum of business, and the sound of the workmen erecting new edifices, in every part of the city! Listen to the whistle of the locomotives, entering and departing from our city, with their heavy freights and thousands of passengers! Pass over the county in every direction, and see the state of improvement everywhere, large and beautiful cultivated farms, good houses and barns, fine orchards, and, in every neighborhood, convenient schools to educate the rising generation, who are soon to take our places upon the great theater of human action. And here let me say, give your children a good English education, such as may be obtained at the common schools; neglect them not; lay well the foundation. Let no false father, mother, or teacher's pride induce you to force them into the higher branches before they can spell well, read well, write well, and understand the principles of arithmetic and the English grammar. Avoid the modern hot-bed system of education, that attempts to plant the top,

instead of the root of the tree in the earth, and then your children will be prepared to meet the cares and duties of every-day life. My long, eventful life, both as a private citizen and a public man, authorizes me to say a word to the young men of the county of Marion. *Character* to you is everything—remember that your character does not grow out of your position, employment, profession, or avocation in life, nor does it attach to you, in this country, from family connections, or independent of your habits and conduct, but it is formed upon the unerring basis of all the elements that make the character of the wise, the virtuous, and the good. If you desire the respect of your fellow-citizens—if you wish a character that will aid you through life—let one who has tried the depths and shoals of private and public life advise you, as he would his only son, to look well to the formation of your character—be honest in all things, be industrious, be open and candid in your intercourse with others—cunning and deception may succeed for the time, but they will fail in the end. Let every act of your life be marked by strict integrity. Never promise what you have not a reasonable probability of performing. Touch not the intoxicating bowl—it is attended through life by nothing but ruin—it is not necessary for any purpose—I have tested it fully. I am now about sixty-two years of age, and have lived near forty years in Indiana. I have been exposed to the climate and settlement of a new country—I have been more subjected to temptations, in high and low life, than most men, and yet I have never been intoxicated in my life; nor in the last forty years have I drank a drop of spirituous liquor. During the eight years I served in the House of Representatives and the Senate of the United States, my habits were the same. I have frequently pledged the President, and Foreign Ministers, in a glass of water, while the wine was sparkling around me. During this long life, I have not been confined to my bed a week, altogether, by sickness, and have never had better health in my life than at present. I look around me for my cotemporaries who indulged freely in the intoxicating cup, and find them, with very few exceptions, in premature graves. Avoid cards, as you would your own destruction; the gambler, his character and associations, are avoided by all good men. Guard well your morals. In early life fix your religious principles upon a safe foundation. If I had but three rules to lay down for my own son, after a long life of experience and extensive intercourse with my fellow-men, they would be: 1st. Total abstinence from intoxicating liquors. 2d. Never even learn to play cards, and if you have learned, abandon the game at once and forever. 3d. Never be absent from church, when able to attend. These three rules, honestly adhered to, the other elements of a good character will naturally follow.

You have every stimulus to action that could be desired—the soil, the climate, the facilities to convey your products to the best markets, at cheap rates. If these things be true, what is required of you in this age of progress? When the whole earth is moving forward, when the arts and the sciences are astonishing the world by their new developments, when the agricultural interests are marching forward towards that high destiny that awaits them, shall the farmer, the mechanic, the artisan of Marion fold his arms and say, “it is enough; let me alone; I can manage my own affairs in my own way?” I answer for you, no! Then let me say to you, that whatever resolves you may take with you, in your minds, from this annual fair, let the paramount one be, to

### FIX YOUR STANDARD HIGH.

For let it be remembered, that a large portion of the failures of men, in the affairs of life, have resulted from fixing the standard too low, and being content with mediocrity, or even less. When the mind is willing to rest in a subordinate position, in whatever man is engaged, it cannot stand still; it must recede, fall back still lower and lower in the scale of enterprise, until the man will finally reach the condition of the sluggard, who cried—

“A little more sleep, a little more slumber;  
Wasted half his days, and his hours without number.”

“I passed by his garden, and saw the wild briar,  
The thorn and the thistle grew broader and higher;  
The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags,  
And his money still wastes, till he starves or he begs.”

If you are a mechanic, an artizan, a farmer, a stock raiser, a florist, a botanist, a horticulturist, a professional man, fix your standard high. Make yourself thoroughly acquainted with your business, or profession, read the practical works of good authors, and work to them, aided by your daily experience, with a determination, on your part, that none shall excel you in the line of your profession, occupation, or business, and you must ultimately succeed. Your character will become known and appreciated by a discriminating public; but if you are contented to stand on the common platform with others, who have no ambition to excel, you must expect to live like them, from hand to mouth, pass through the world unnoticed and unknown. and sink to your graves without a sympathizing tear, or even a stone to mark your earthly resting place. If you are a farmer, fix your standard high, make yourself acquainted with the best works on agriculture, on the character and quality of soils. on the best system of fertilizing, on the kinds of grain to be cultivated, on different soils, on the time for changing the crops and resting the grounds, on the kinds of manure and their appropriate uses, of the grasses and their adaptation to different soils, on the different implements of husbandry and their uses, of the preparation of the ground for the seed, and the quantity of seeds, of their kinds, to be used; upon the most profitable stock to be raised on the farm, upon the best manner of protecting your stock from the weather, the time and manner of selecting your seed for the ensuing season, of choosing your breeding stock, of their kinds; and here let me say, that while it is highly important to select from the best breeds of stock, it is quite as much so to examine your stock carefully, and take out the best for your breeders, from time to time; by pursuing this course, you will soon find yourselves in possession of greatly improved stock, at little cost. These remarks apply to the horse, the jack, the jennet, the hog, the sheep, and even to domestic fowls. Be not deceived by names or pedigrees; look for yourselves. If the animal be a horse, look at his color, size, bone, form, eyes, action; if these are right, you may risk him. So with the jack, the jennet. If the animal be a hog, examine him closely; if he has the three cardinal points, you may take him. He must have length of body to weigh well, a strong bone to carry his weight when fat, and stand near the ground to fat, at any age. And here let me say, that there is one characteristic about the hog that should be observed: he will not bear the reduction of his feed; you may keep him as a stock hog, but whenever the process of fattening commences, it should be continued, with all he will eat, until killing time, whether he is fatted in the corn field



or in the pen. If the animal be a sheep, examine him for yourself; look to his size, length of body, length and quality of wool, and if these are what you desire, look no further, if the price suits.

So with your cattle, especially your milch cows, so essential to every farmer. Select the calves of your best milchers to be raised, and continue the process from year to year. I have no doubt but that much benefit to our farmers and stock raisers will result from the importation of foreign improved stock, of the different breeds; but while I say this, let me warn our farmers against running into extravagant and ruinous prices for such animals, but rather select the finest of the crosses from year to year, and the result will prove itself. I well remember when three Spanish Merino bucks, of the short, fine wool breed, were sold at New York, from ship board, for \$1,500 each, under a heavy competition. My father, who was a fair Pennsylvania farmer, instead of running after the excitement about that time, adopted the practice of selecting his best, lengthy, long, fine woolled lambs for his stock, and turning over the inferior ones to the butchers; and the result was, that his flock rose in size and quality, and quantity of wool, and mutton, in a few years, so as to be required for breeders, at high prices, by the surrounding neighborhood. Let our farmers try it—it will cost nothing—keeping in mind that the expense is no more to keep a good animal than a poor one, and much at last depends upon feed and care. It is an axiom, that the miller's hog is always of a good breed.

A word as to the care of the farm. Very much of the value of a farm depends upon the care you take of it. And here, again, I would say, *fix your standard high*. Let no other farmer excel you. Make your's a pattern farm. See that you have good fences; it is much easier to keep your stock out of your grain fields by good fences, before they become breachy, than it is to drive them out as your crop is being destroyed, and protect your fields against them afterwards. Farm no more ground in corn than you can tend well, and put the rest in small grain and grass. If you want to provide against drouth, plow deep. If you fear a wet season, plow deep. If your corn ground is flat and naturally wet, plow and plant in ridges, until you can drain it, but be careful not to plow when the ground is too wet. If you wish to be considered a neat, pattern farmer, plow straight. The beauty of the corn field is the straight rows, at equal distances, and the success of the crop depends upon its cultivation. Plow and cultivate thoroughly and timely. Keep the rows free from weeds and grass, for if ever you let the corn be overshadowed, so as to turn the stalks yellow, the crop is ruined. And my observation is, that a farmer who has not pride or ambition enough to keep good fences, clean out his fence rows, trim and sprout his orchard, plow his grounds deep, lay off his corn fields in straight rows, keep his barn in repair, his gates and bars in order, glass in his windows, care for his stock in winter, and salt it well in summer, plant shade trees in his door yard, and educate his children, is in great danger of falling below the standard of a pattern farmer.

The labor-saving implements of husbandry, the invention of late years, with their improvements, have revolutionized the process of cultivating the earth, in which three-fourths of the civilized world are now engaged, and have enabled the farmer to dispense with much of the manual labor that would be otherwise required. While in England, France and Germany, farming operations have been brought to much higher perfection than in this country, still, when we see where we now stand, and

then look to many parts of the Old World, we have no cause to despair of ultimate success. I recently read a very interesting work, entitled "Observations in the East," by John P. Durbin, D. D. His description of the state of agriculture in the valley of the Nile, in Egypt, places us on high grounds in the comparison. He notices the manner of breaking up the ground there, which, if done here, would create some amusement among our farmers. The Doctor says: "The plow, which is too rude to be described, is commonly drawn by a camel and an ugly buffalo, yoked by a pole about nine feet long, the ends of which lie on their necks; one man guides the wooden stick, which seems to scratch the ground, while another drives and guides the team." And this in the ancient valley of the Nile, at this day.

I have remarked upon the selection of stock. The same idea applies to the grains and seeds for your fields and gardens; the seed corn should be selected in the field, from the best kinds, adapted to the climate, from the most vigorous stalks, taking the largest, early ripe ears, with not less than two ears on a stalk, and before planting taking off the small grains at the end of the ear. By this process, if continued, you will bring your corn crop to a high state of perfection. The same remarks apply to the potatoe, the tomato, the beet, the parsnip, the radish, the melon, the pumpkin, the squash, and indeed generally to the garden; and still in a more extended degree to the orchard. Let the best fruit, adapted to the different seasons of the year, of its kind, be selected for your orchards, and reproduced by budding or grafting; it requires no more ground, nor greater expense, to have an orchard of the choice, fine, cultivated fruit, than it does to have one of the poorest seedlings—this every farmer knows, but every farmer does not practice upon his knowledge. It may be difficult to select the best fruit for our climate, in all cases; still we have some knowledge on this subject, and as it is a matter of opinion, I give my preferences without intending to dispute the taste of others.

*Apple Orchard.*—1, Yellow Sweet June; 2, Bough; 3, Townsend; 4, Rambo; 5, Golden Russet; 6, Holland Pippin; 7, Yellow Bellflower; 8, Baldwin; 9, Prior Red; 10, Spitzenburgh; 11, Romanite; 12 Smith's Cider; 13, Newtown Pippin; 14, Wine Sapp; 15, Red Winter Pearmain; 16, Jennetain; 17, Vandever Pippin. An orchard that contains these several varieties will amply reward the farmer, if the grounds shall be kept loose, and the trees well sprouted and trimmed.

*Pears.*—The variety of this fruit is not so great as the apple. I place the choice kinds in the following order: 1, the Seckel; 2, the Bartlet; 3, the Feaster; 4, the Sugar; 5, the Butter; 6, the Catharine. There are other fine varieties, that will do well in this climate, that may be selected from printed catalogues.

*Peaches.*—The crop of this delicious fruit, owing to our severe winters and late frosts, has become very precarious. Still, I hope our farmers will not despair, and abandon the cultivation. I would suggest that fresh trees be planted each spring; bud them with the choice varieties, so that you may have a progressive orchard to meet the fruit seasons, as, perhaps, the only means of keeping up our peach orchards.

*Plums.*—I fear that the *Curculio* has disposed of our best kinds, and left us to cultivate the small damson; and when it fails, to look to the wild varieties of the red and yellow, of our native thickets.

*Cherries.*—Whether it is owing to our climate, or to a want of care in the culti-

vation, that we see so very few fine cherries in our market, I am unable to say. The Eastern May Duke, Ox Heart, Red Heart, Black Heart, Carnation, and other choice varieties, are unknown to our markets, while the Sour Morella engrosses the stalls. Why is this? Let our fruiterers answer, as it is their business to look to it.

*The Papaw.*—Can this fine fruit, of our river and creek bottoms, be cultivated, so as to improve its size and quality, is a question that ought to be answered hereafter by others.

A word as to your beast of burden; “Muzzle not the ox that treadeth out the corn.” Keep your work animals well, and properly protected from the winter weather at night, and they will repay you in extra services. Such are always ready for the road, or the draft. And here let me remark, from my experience on my father’s farm, when but a youth, that if you expect true draft animals, never overload them. The ox, or the horse, should never learn that he cannot draw anything he is hitched to. The secret of balky animals lies in their having been, at some time, loaded beyond their strength—treat your work animals kindly, and they will feel and repay your care. Many, I fear, are too much in the habit of underrating the sagacity of their dumb beasts. They are capable, if not of loving and hating like human beings, certainly of something of a very kindred character. I owned a riding horse once, that I attached to my person so closely that he would never leave me, nor suffer himself to be separated from me, when we were from home, if he could possibly help it; and on one occasion, the carriage in which my wife and myself were riding, broke down before, throwing us upon his heels; I spoke to him kindly, calling him by name; he turned his head, looked directly at us, and quietly kept his place until we got out and released him—and yet, he was a horse of high mettle.

May I be excused for referring to a matter that I deem sufficiently important to be noticed in this address. I allude to the kind of houses, to insure health to the family. In our climate, with our luxuriant vegetable growth, the earth upon which our houses are necessarily built, becomes damp, and emits a miasma, producing our intermitting fevers, so distressing to our people. My suggestion is, that whether your house be large or small, high or low, of one or more stories, built of brick, frame or logs, raise the basement at least four feet from the ground; and give a free, open circulation of air beneath, by windows, to be closed in cold weather. While such houses may not prove an infallible remedy against the climate, and causes referred to, I am satisfied that they will alleviate the present distress in the fall season of the year.

I should do injustice to the object of my address, were I to omit a word to the women, who are taking so much interest in the success of this association; and who form the life of our families, and give character to the domestic household. Much, very much of the success of the farmer, depends upon the domestic qualities of his wife, to cheer him on through life, and make his home the center of his and her happiness. This is especially true in a country like ours, where the joint labor and care of the sexes seem to be required, to insure success and happiness to the family circle. When a stranger enters the dwelling of our farmers, his eye at once embraces the order of the room; he sees whether it looks clean, and the furniture in its proper place and well dusted; and should he be invited to a meal with the family, as of course he will be if it is meal time, although he may not expect anything extra, he will look for such table comforts as the farm and the garden may yield, without



extra cost, to be served up in a plain, neat and clean manner. He has a right to expect good, sweet, well worked butter, and milk, the safely cared for and kept fruits of the garden and the orchard, with the more substantial products of the barn yard and the fields. No class of our citizens can live so well, at so little expense, as the Indiana farmer; and none can be so entirely independent of supplies from others, for the table. I do not wish to be understood that the mere fact that the farmer's wife is provided with milch cows, is sufficient to expect at her hands, good, sweet, well worked butter, such as commands the highest price in market. She must be provided, also, with sufficient help; with a good milk house, where the milk and cream can be kept cool, and where solid butter and good cheese can be made. I am satisfied that much of the inferior butter and cheese that reach our markets, is owing to the fact that a proper milk house has not been provided. There is no sufficient excuse for not having a good milk house at the residence of each farmer. Every family must have cool drinking water; if they have a natural spring, there is the seat of the milk house; if a well is used, supply the milk troughs from the pump, but be sure to have a good cold place to keep your milk and butter, so as to keep them cool and sweet.

*The Garden.*—Among our farmers, where horticulture is not much looked to, and where the labors of the field are exclusively in the charge of the men, the garden is usually attached to the house affairs, and left to the women. I am not speaking of those large gardens that are cultivated near our large cities, by men, to supply the market—would that we had many more of them around Indianapolis. I refer to the ordinary farmer's garden. In Europe, the splendid gardens are in charge of salaried officers, well versed in scientific horticulture—indeed, trained from youth to the science, as a profession. The chief gardiner of one of these splendid resorts for the grandees of the land, receives a much higher salary than our governor, and has under him a large corps of inferior officers and laborers. The whole vegetable and floral kingdom, in all their varieties, from every part of the earth, are spread before the eye in all their luxuriant perfection. We may have such gardens in this country when our citizens shall become as wealthy as the millionaires of Europe. This we shall not see in our day.

The object of our farmers should be to make the garden tributary to the family comforts, in the first place, and profitable as to the surplus. I would not introduce into the gardens of our farmers the green-house, but let it find its appropriate location near our large cities, to furnish to the votaries of Flora's kingdom the tender, beautiful and sweet-scented flowers, shrubs and roses. But the farmer's garden may contain the hardy rose, the peony, the dahlia, the pink, the tulip, the snow-ball and the lilac, for the eye; currant, pie-plant, tomato, cucumber, beet, parsnip, oere, pea, bean, lettuce, radish, asparagus, egg-plant, early cabbage, parsley, horse-radish, carrot, celery and onion, for the table; and I would have it large enough to add a good Isabella and Catawba grape bower, a strawberry bed, of the large kind, a patch of the mountain sweet watermelon, and fine nutmegs and cantelopes, with rows of the best bearing raspberries on the sides, and a good bee stand, to furnish honey for the family. The garden should be well manured; there is no danger of making it too rich. I prefer putting on the manure in the fall, and letting it lie till spring, by which time it can be raked off, and the garden made without incumbrance.

I do not wish to be understood as advocating any extraordinary or lavish expen-

ditures, either upon the farm or garden. I only contend for what is within the power of our farmers to perform, by using industry and economy. I insist that our farmers, being so bountifully supplied with the elements of comfort, shall, by their industry, enjoy the blessings Providence has bestowed upon them. I am the advocate of strict economy in every department of life. The farmer and the mechanic should be patterns of economy, as they are of industry. They get their means by the sweat of the brow, and they should learn how to use and take care of their money when obtained. The secret of wealth is not in the knowledge of the way to get money, but how to keep it when obtained. The thrifty farmer, or mechanic, will avoid going in debt beyond his probable means, never relying upon next year's crop or labor to extricate him from debt. Next year may never come to him, or it may come, not with healing or prosperity, but with drouth, blight and disappointment in its wings. Avoid the temptation of buying more land than you can pay for; remember that the farmer's thrift does not depend so much upon the size as upon the manner of the cultivation of the farm. There was much force in the remark of the farmer, that he intended to make a great addition to his farm, by making it smaller and taking better care of it.

WOODS AND SHADE TREES.—There is nothing that strikes the intelligent traveler, and especially those from the South, with more surprise, when passing through our beautiful timbered country, than to see the indiscriminate and wanton destruction of our lovely forest trees. The contrast between the North and the South in this respect, is too marked to escape observation. In the South, the buildings of the farmer are uniformly placed in the midst of a grove of native forest trees, giving shade, health and beauty to the mansion, the moment it becomes the family residence, while in the North our towering forest trees are cut down in hot haste, to make way for the farm house, and their place supplied with little switches, that may, or may not, as they happen to live or die, in the course of the next generation, come about as near the native trees that have been destroyed in beauty, grandeur and shade, as the sunflower does to the great luminary from which it takes its name.

It is too late for our farmers to correct this great error, but it is not too late for every farmer to supply the best substitute he can for the forest trees he has destroyed, so as to shield his dwelling from the scorching meridian sun, so oppressive in our hot summers.

The same train of thought applies to the destruction of our timber trees, at the present day. The marked distinction between a timbered and a prairie country is, that the former is prepared for the second generation by the labor of the first, while the latter may be used and cultivated by the first occupant, to advantage. Marion county is just passing the first stage of improvement; the time was when it was necessary to clear off the woods, and convert the land into cultivated fields. This has been done, in most cases, to a sufficient extent, and it now behooves our farmers to preserve their woodlands from further destruction. This can be done by fencing, clearing out the undergrowth, and sowing in blue grass, making the woods ornamental and profitable, and securing to our farmers the enjoyment of the superior advantages of a cultivated timbered country over a wide-spread prairie region, like that which stretches west of our State to the Rocky Mountains.

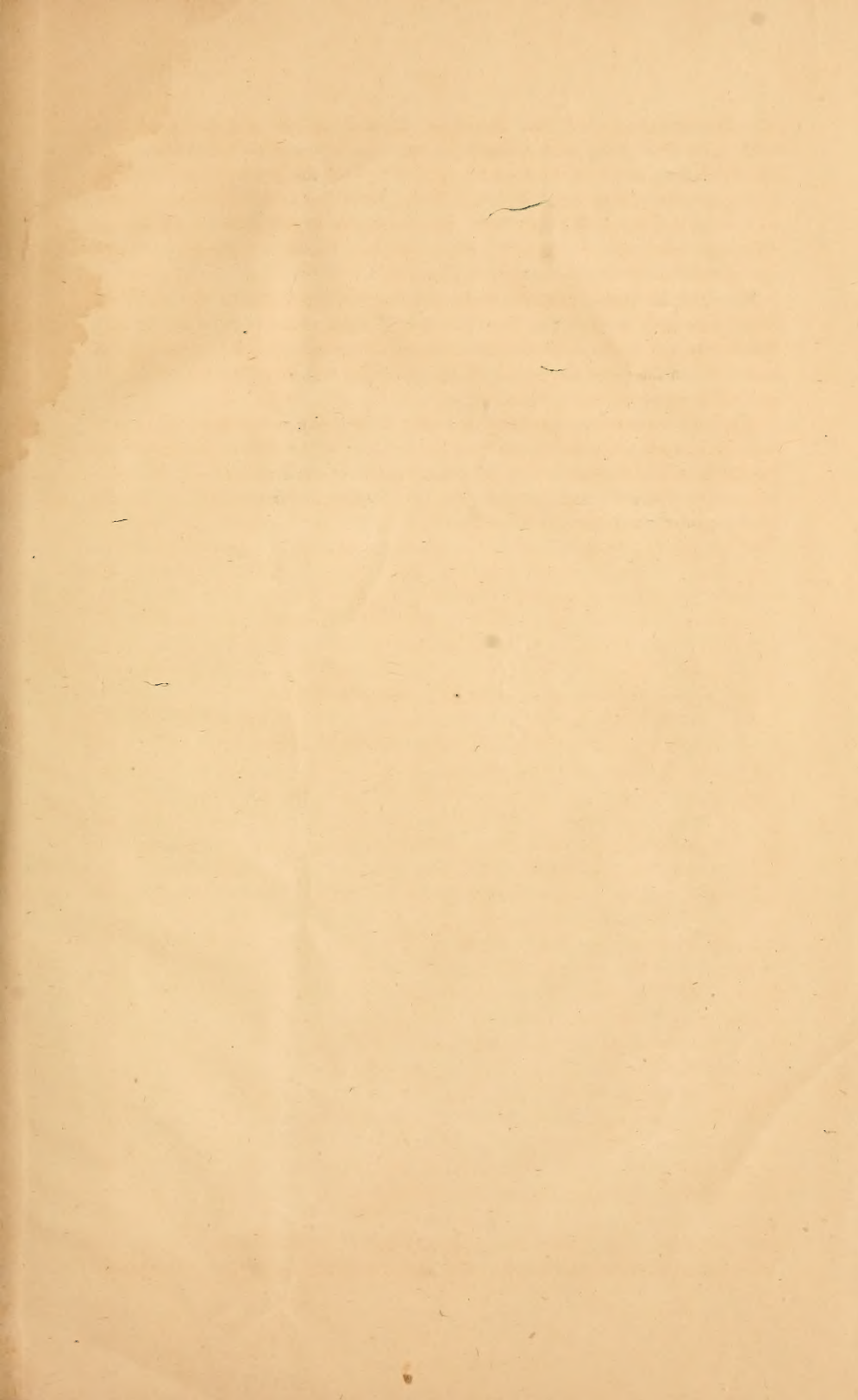
Remember, that this is a government of the people, through the ballot-box, and consequently that it is the duty of every voter to exercise his elective franchise.

The Constitution of the United States, and those of the several States, are but as dead charts for our guidance, without the impelling power of the ballot-box. Our admirable form of government, based upon the will of the majority, supposes that each voter will take part in its administration. Never fail to cast your vote for the men of your choice, and never forget that the success of our great experiment of self-government, and the perpetuity of our glorious Union, may depend upon the manner of the exercise of the elective franchise.

May I say, in closing, that after looking at the condition of man in all parts of the world, I am well satisfied that the citizens of Indiana, and especially the farming community, are in the enjoyment of as much real prosperity and happiness as has ever fallen to the lot of our race upon the earth, and that we see to-day but the beginning, if we prove true to ourselves.

May each succeeding anniversary, as time rolls on, bring with it new evidences of the virtue, intelligence and industry of our citizens, of the growth, usefulness and prosperity of this Society, and of the onward march of our beloved State and country to their destined greatness, under the protection of our free institutions and the kind regard of an overruling Providence.



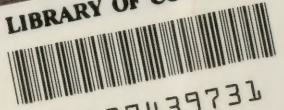








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